

# ANDERSON COLLEGE



FALL IVY 1969  
LEAVES



# IVY LEAVES

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FALL 1969

No. 12

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## INTRODUCTION

This is fall, the farewell to summer and herald of winter. Fall with its changes and variety of colors and with its fleeting, will-o-the-wisp quality that one is never quite able to grasp has provided many artists, poets, and musicians with moments of inspiration.

The Ivy Leaves helps to present these inspirations and extends to its readers the invitation to allow themselves to become a part of this pattern of ideas.

M. M.

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## LIFE

Dedicated as I am to the finding of my soul  
And my potentiality—  
The acceptance and realization  
Of Self . . .  
That I may awake and walk  
through my mind and search  
my being for truth,  
And through this know and  
believe.

Neda Ray

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## AUTUMN

Falling leaves drift to the ground  
With little noise, with little sound;  
Little squirrels run to and fro  
Gathering nuts before the snow;  
The agile rabbit busily makes his bed  
Protection from the cold ahead.

The birds all peer o'er their vast domain  
But somehow things just aren't the same;  
Food is scarce, their bodies thin  
The fields are barren, where food has been;  
They'll leave us now, till spring's at hand  
When, once more, their calls will fill the land.

Roger Burton

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## BY THE GRACE OF GOD, I'M FREE

I am what I am, nothing else will I be.  
And nothing you say could ever change me .

I am who I choose, and the choice must be mine.  
I'll make my own limits, I'll draw my own line.

I'll elect my own future, I'll admit to my past.  
The responsibility for this is all that I ask.

If I live my life the best that I can,  
Why should I answer to judgements of man?

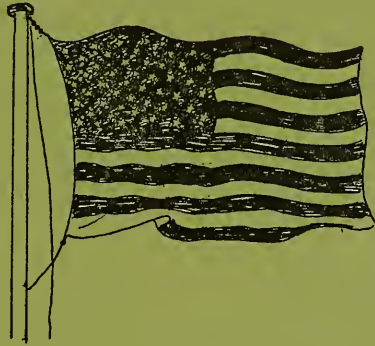
To live my own life, to have my mind free,  
Are the greatest gifts my Lord granted me.

Sally Dawson

## THIS IS AMERICA?

This is America?  
Just look around—  
Strikes and protest songs,  
Poverty and racial riots,  
Draft card burners and dirty politicians—  
This is the “land of the free  
And the home of the brave”?  
Who wants it?

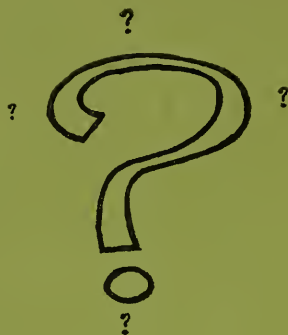
Ann Thrasher



## THIS IS AMERICA?

This is America!  
Just look around—  
Progress and opportunity,  
Freedom of worship, speech, and press,  
Space flights and the right to vote,  
Equality and fraternity.  
This is “the land of the free  
And the home of the brave”!  
This is my America!

Ann Thrasher



## TALK

Why does everyone talk about peace, yet no one ever does anything to make hate cease?

Why does everyone say down with war, yet hate and kill today more than ever before?

Why does everyone talk about the mistakes of another, just to hide their own mistakes under someone else's cover?

Why does everyone talk about good will, while others rob and cheat and kill, just to say "We had our thrill"?

Why does everyone say that they believe in God, yet when they are tested, join the rest of the unbelieving mob?

These questions and others at me are hurled; what's going to become of this talkative world?

Martha Smith

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## TORNADO

The sun sank behind the  
fuschia clouds  
and the rain  
    began to pour  
    like thick wine  
Over the hungry earth.

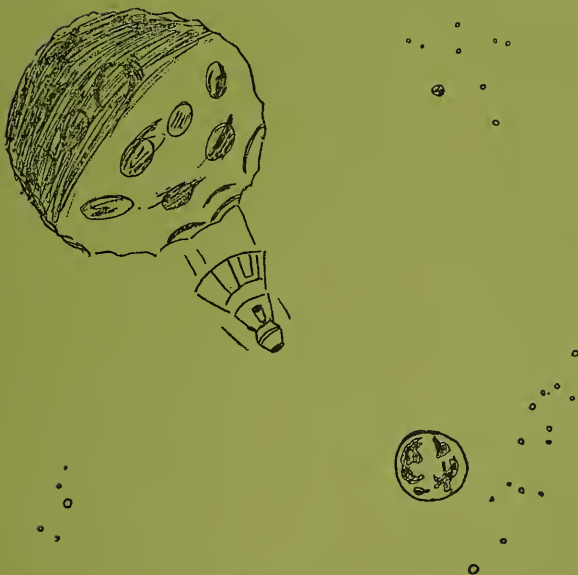
The ebony funnel sent its  
small tip  
gengerly down to skip  
    the blue mesas  
    and when it had landed  
The sky turned yellow and all died.

Anna Smith

## WHO DOES GOD'S WORK

Who does God's work will get God's pay  
    However long may be the day.  
He doesn't pay as others pay,  
    In lands, or gold, or raiment gay,  
In goods that perish or decay.  
    But God's high wisdom knows the way,  
And this is sure, let come what may,  
    Who does God's work will get God's pay.

Sonny Smith



## THE WORLD WAITS

Three men together  
Way up in the sky,  
With a nation waiting  
With a watchful eye.

Three men together  
In the darkened gloom,  
We have finally reached our zenith  
The first step on the moon!

Chester Gambrell



# THE AWAKENING

I had completed my basic and now I had my orders! When I opened them, I realized that I was going to Vietnam and had thirty days in which to say goodbye to my family, friends, and to life. We shipped out the last of June, and it wasn't long before I found myself crawling through rice-patties and jungle. My nerves were shot as I jumped at every sound. We were in battle after battle, and I watched as my best buddies were killed like flies. Out of the fifty men in our unit, there were only fifteen left. I was scared, scared as hell! It seemed that everywhere I looked were Viet-cong.

I counted the months. Now it was December, and instead of being home I was in the middle of what I felt was torment, all wrapped into one little, rotten war-torn country. It was Christmas Eve and I had been posted guard. The night was still and all was quiet. I seemed to hear the angels singing of Jesus and his birthday; then I began to see the carolers back home and my kid brother with the Christmas tree.

Then it happened; Viet-Cong began to pour down on us like ants on sugar. There were the sounds of grenades, tanks, machine guns, and lines coming to an end. They were giving us hell when all of a sudden I felt my body being riddled with machine gun bullets. When I opened my eyes, all was peaceful; even the crickets had stopped their singing. I raised my head and for miles all I could see was American bodies. The guy next to me groaned about not seeing his wife and six-month-old child again. The medics came, and I told them to take him first. As I lay there feeling my life ebb and flow, my mind flashed back over my short, rotten life.

In my mind's eye I could vividly remember my past life. I could still see myself dressed in bell bottom pants, with my hair down to my shoulders, and a picket sign in my hand. I "grooved" to psychedelic music and let the rest of the world go by. The hurt and loving concern that showed on my parent's face when I refused to go to college still haunted me. I was number one and nobody else mattered, and because of this I lost the love of the only girl I ever really cared for. The ugly, conceited side of my character had raised its head and for the first time I saw myself as I really was—self-centered and un-loving. My God can I change!

Frank Thomas

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# TO DWAYNE

When we were young  
And sunrise was our theme—  
We smiled the smiles of love  
And dreamed the passionate dream.

Elva C. Martin



## I'M HERE

I'm here, you're there  
Are you happy it's this way  
I fear there's a difference in your way  
Do you care  
I couldn't stay if you would leave me  
I'm this way please believe me  
So what do I do from now till tomorrow  
I wait for you in silence and in sorrow  
I wait  
It gets late  
I still care  
I care

Susan Miller

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## ON SEEING MY BROTHER DRAFTED

As I walk down this windy road  
On a day too cold for summer,  
I'm blown about by the passing buses.  
The wind is whipping up dust and gravel,  
And I'm staggering, reeling through the clouds.  
Blinded and outraged, it seems as though  
I hear a million buses roaring and thundering;  
Blinded and deafened I struggle on wondering where I am going.  
The dust is becoming unbearable,  
Choking and poisoning my throat until I can only whisper.  
Blind, deaf, and dumb I don't really walk but fall on down the road.  
I'm blind as the beggar, deaf and dumb as the mute,  
And as senseless as a million buses.

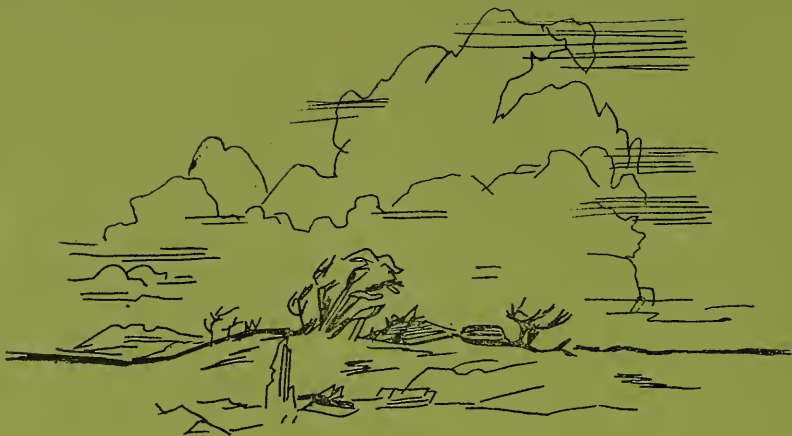
Thomas A. Harbin

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## ETERNITY

Beginning from end, time transcends  
To bring all spaces together.  
No change of pace—time never ends  
But floats, just like a feather.

Janice Edwards



## THERE WILL COME A DAY

There will come a day  
When they will come for me  
With their covered cup  
Of Mortality:

And ask for my rings  
And dental plate  
And leave me 'neath  
A sheet to wait;

Then those wrenches of soul and song  
Life, Love and Death  
Now bared to breath  
Shall be known as they are known.

Elva C. Martin

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## GLASS

I, too, will become glass  
There is simply no help for it  
Already it is growing late;

It is growing late for me  
In my sugar house, overhung  
With flowers, encompassed by grass;

It is growing late  
To remember Love  
And passing by, hesitate.

Elva C. Martin

## REALIZATION

Only a very short time ago I began an extremely important search. It was a search for God. My faith was lifeless, cold, and smothered in the world. In reality I did not live; I only existed.

My God consisted of the "Great White Father". He was impersonal. I molded Him into the image of a meek child. He was powerless. I molded Him into a great lawgiver. He was unforgiving. In desperation I focused Him as a loving Creator, and I was not one of His creations.

Forgive me, God, for trying to make you conform to my pattern. I searched for a god who was not to be, a god of my creation. My god was too small. In reality He cannot be specific in conception, for He is in all, He created all, He is all.

The search is now ended for God is my Father; He is ever present. God is the meek child, but He changed my life. God is a lawgiver, and His laws are just. God is the Creator, and I am His creation.

Because I allowed Him to grow to what He really is, He showed me how to live and I stopped trying to show myself.

Andy Menger

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## LONELINESS

Loneliness  
is  
hoping,  
and praying,  
and thinking,  
and wishing . . .  
for nothing.

Sally Ann Arant

---

## LONELINESS IS . . .

Loneliness is a deserted place.  
Not a room full of laughter or a smiling face.

It's a day of dark and gloom,  
With not a ray of sun to light the room.

No one else at home.  
Just me, all alone.

Greg Cheek

## THE LADY WHO SAID KIND THINGS

She smiled at me  
And said kind things  
That I had not heard before.

I smiled at her  
And told her lies  
That I had not told before.

But in my lies  
I hid the truth.  
For who could lie  
To one who says kind things?

Bill Kelley

---

## TO ALEX

When did I first see you?  
Was it standing in a shop  
or a small bookstore?  
No, it was none of these.  
I first saw you when I began to  
recognize my need for you.  
Has it been so long that I told  
you all that I hoped for?  
I often wonder why I revealed  
such things to you.  
After all they were only the  
impossible daydreams of a boy.  
But, yes, I do know why.  
I was lonesome and uncertain of  
the road that lay ahead.  
You were also alone and seemed  
to be searching.  
Two lonesome people met and,  
for a brief moment, walked together.  
For that moment I thank you.

Andy Menger

## IN PROTEST

The grey-winged bird flies over the burnt-orange grass as the people of the land of Lavendar Kayan prepare to meet their maker. Their faces strangely distorted in the golden haze, they glance toward the yellow and brown zigzags in the sky, and scurry about trying to tag their possessions with bright blue satin ribbons. A giant, multi-colored clock mounted in the midst of the confusion alternately renders a baritone arrangement of "Happy Days Are Here Again" and strikes each quarter hour reminding the people that their time draws near.

As if on cue, the people cease their meaningless tasks and turn their trance-like gazes to the sky, giving themselves to the supreme authority of their destiny. Piercing the clouds, a gigantic hand grasping a dripping palette and a brush proceeds to paint each and every object either BLACK or WHITE.

Sally Dawson

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## THE WISH

Summer nights  
Met with warm embraces . . .  
Let the leaves  
be my bed.

And the stars  
twinkle high in heaven . . .  
Let the tree  
shroud my head.

Holding tight,  
I could never leave you . . .  
Love of mine  
here I'll stay.

Silver tears  
that survive the ages . . .  
Love of mine  
Never stray.

Stan Blackwell

## INTO THE WORLD THERE CAME A SOUL CALLED IDA\*

Today was a special day for Ida. Instead of ordering groceries, she would pick them up herself. The walk would do her good, besides, it had been so long since there had been such a beautiful day as this. She had gotten up early this morning to clean and polish the furniture, bring out the best china, and put up fresh curtains in the parlor. Seemingly unaffected by all this, she untiringly got out the carpet sweeper and busily moved it about the room. Fluff, her large, yellow house cat, sat out of the way, curiously watching every move she made. This evening, her family was coming to visit her. It had been so long since she had seen them. Each had gone their separate ways, busy now with lives and families of their own. But tonight they were all coming to see her! While putting the sweeper back into the closet, she imagined just how everything would be. After a delicious dinner, they would all sit around, laughing and talking of old times, eating brownies that only she could make so well. She chuckled and shook her head as she thought of how her youngest son, James, loved her brownies. The grandchildren would probably be almost grown by now. They do grow up so fast. Why, it couldn't help but be a perfect evening! The house was in order now, everything sparkled, nothing was out of place.

Before leaving, she paused briefly before the hall mirror to arrange the hat customarily worn only to church and funerals. Happiness glowed in her face, and the whole world was smiling with her.

Outside, the street was crowded with people in a hurry, with their own special cares, dragging their whimpering children along beside them, refusing, or even defying any smile given to them. Hugging her groceries even closer, Ida proceeded along her way. Passing through the park, she saw couples laughing among themselves. Her own lips formed a smile, but it soon faded. She didn't share in their happiness. They didn't even see her, walking slowly by. Giggling children, with pure innocent faces, were feeding pigeons that hustled back and forth toward the popcorn tossed to them, suddenly stopped, and stared at the peculiar old lady in the outdated wool dress, clownish sequined hat and frowsey gray hair, holding an enormous bag with a celery stalk's head hanging limply over the top. Once again came their giggles, their faces became cruel and hideous as they clasped their hands over their mouths and pointed at Ida. Casting her eyes downward, and turning away, she once again went on her way.

As she neared home, a small dog darted ferociously at her, nipping hatefully at her heels. The sun slid behind the half-naked trees, turning the sky to blood. After opening the rickety old gate, the shadowed, stooped figure hobbled up on to the leaf covered porch. Fumbling around in her purse for a while, Ida finally found the key and unlocked the door. The house was dark and still. As she flicked



on the lights, Fluff, apparently disturbed from a nap, leaped from the window sill, followed Ida around, meowing loudly. A second later the phone rang. Picking up the receiver with a trembling hand, Ida spoke a soft "Hello?" Her wrinkled face lit up. "Yes! How are you? I can hardly wait to see . . . Yes." Then her face fell, "I understand, dear. Don't you worry about me, I understand . . . Maybe sometime soon, when you have a chance . . . Goodbye."

After placing her burden of groceries on the small kitchen table, Ida picked up Fluff, speaking gently to the large yellow cat, that listened intently, almost with understanding. With a shakey sigh, Ida then fixed Fluff a saucer of milk.

\*Albright Mainstreams of Modern Art, Art Institute of Chicago. page 540. Copyright 1959 by John Canaday. Trade Edition distributed by Simon and Schuster, Inc.

Sandra Brickle

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## "IF"

IF our actions were like our thoughts,  
Where would we be today?

IF all our questions were answered,  
Would we really have to pray?

IF our life is filled with emptiness,  
Must we be led astray?

NO, GOD can be our LEADER and GUIDANCE  
each and every day.

Joan Caldwell

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## YOUR LOVE

I drift  
I stop. I  
    remain awed in  
    the presence of  
    your love. As magnitude  
    and vast dimensions captivate  
    my soul. The sound of your  
    voice arrests the wheels of my  
    mind. I remain awed. My feet  
    bid me go but my heart will not stray.  
    I bow my head as the sun is born in the East.

Stan Blackwell



## THE UNFULFILLED

We are the bad seedlings.  
We are the ones in constant  
longing.  
We are the insurrectionists  
—the creators of turmoil  
when others are  
peace and  
content.  
We are those whose desires  
are a bright point of  
vermillion  
on the western horizon.  
We are the unsatiated—  
the unfulfilled.  
Anna Smith

---

## I SANK . . .

I  
sank  
deep  
into  
immorality  
You found me  
love.  
to  
up  
me  
brought  
And  
Ann Thrasher

## PREPARATIONS

Incompetents rule utmost  
the world's chaotic mass;  
before I prepare a toast  
I wonder about the past.

The past, complete today  
The wonders of days relieved  
sing songs of evil ways  
the masses today believe.

Excelled in matters of mind  
Deprived of moral state—  
Prepare thyself confined  
by ties of prejudice and hate.

Thus I raise my final glass  
to the leaders of tomorrow,  
“Never let your scheming pass  
Neglectful of your morals.”

Stan Price

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## SUNSET

Splendid,  
Unexcelled,  
Noble—yet  
Simple—  
Example of  
The greatness of God

Adria L. Hughey

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